

MONTMORENCY HOOLIGAN'S EUROPEAN TRIP.

HAPPY HOOLIGAN AND GLOOMY GUS GO DOWN TO THE STEAMER WITH HIM AGAIN.

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AND HE DIDN'T PROPOSE.



He: "I'd propose to you if I knew what to say."
She: "You would not if you knew what I should say."

A Wise Son.

A father recently overheard his young son use a word he did not approve, and, calling the child to him, said: "My son, if you will promise me never to use that word again I'll give you a silver dime." The little fellow promised, and, true to his word, refrained. About a week later he went to his father and said, "Papa, I've learned a new word worth 50 cents."—Philadelphia Press.

She Wasn't a Peach.

Said he, "You're a peach. Fly with me!" She replied, as she dashed all his hope, "You're mistaken. A 'peach,' did you say?"
Well, I'm not—I'm a cantaloupe."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Too Bad.

Her Mother: "Our daughter Carrie is a puzzle."
Her Father: "Well, I'm willing to give her up any old time."—Memphis News.

Light Out.

He: "I told her she was the light of my life."
She: "Then what?"
He: "The next time I called she was out."—Memphis News.

The Hypnotist.

"Do you not feel exhausted after a session?" asked the curious individual.
"Oh, no," said the hypnotist lightly; "it is all in the daze work."

His Vacation.

"What did you do while you were away on your vacation?"
"Sat around while my wife was dressing for meals most of the time."—Brooklyn News.

Cholly's Diet.

Cholly: "My stay in the country benefited me very much indeed after a session." Marjorie: "Yes, all the girls thought the milk diet would agree with you."

A Man of Tact.

"How is it that Politio is so popular with the ladies?"
"He talks so well."
"He never says anything but yes and no."
"That's it. He allows them to do it all."—Buffalo Times.

As He Pursued.

The elopers sped on in the red automobile. "Now, that we have eloped," whispered the timid girl, "do you think our money will last?"
"Don't bother me about money!" shouted the young man. "I'm wondering if the gasoline will last."
Just then the lights of papa's pursuing machine flashed in the distance.—Pittsburg Press.

THE EXCHANGE HABIT.



He: "Won't you have me as a wedding present?"
She: "I'm afraid I couldn't exchange you."

Not Blooming.

He: "Yes, he called me a blooming idiot."
Him: "As if anyone could not see that you had gone to seed."

AN EXCEPTION.



"No man mixed up in a divorce case will ever have any luck."
"I know one man who had luck."
"Indeed! Who is he?"
"A divorce lawyer."

One Sided.

Little Bobbie: "Father!"
Mr. Jones: "Yes, son."
Little Bobbie: "We're all the time hearin' 'bout the 'high seas,' but where's the low seas?"—Pittsburg Press.

Agreed.

The Husband (bitterly): "I wish I had known as much before I was married as I do now."
The Wife: "So do I. You might really have amounted to something by this time."—Pittsburg Press.

Right in Her Line.

"No," said the woman contemptuously, "I don't understand her at all."
"You don't?" replied the young man. "I thought you posed as a clairvoyant."
"Well, she's a dream."—Brooklyn Times.

A Generous Offer.

"I don't believe you can read minds, doncher know," said a chap to a professional mind reader.
"Oh, yes, I can," replied the latter pleasantly. "Bring around somebody with a mind and I'll prove that I can."

Awaiting Developments.

The Major: "I hear you are to wed Colonel Gray, Mrs. Widow. He's a noble fellow, every inch a soldier, born to command."
Mrs. Widow: "Hm! We'll see about that, Major; we'll see about that."

To Be Sure.

Annie: "Will you use a lot of cologne. He ought to know that perfume is bad form."
Edward: "I guess he uses it to let people know that he comes from old colonial stock."

No Danger.

Doctor: "I am afraid I made a mistake in that last prescription I sent over."
Druggist: "That is all right, doc. I couldn't read it anyhow, so I gave the man a mixture of my own."—Pittsburg Press.

Not Cash Enough Now.

"They say he is eccentric."
"Oh, no, they don't; not now. That was before he failed."—Buffalo Times.

He Did Stop.

"Gatsby told me he stopped a week at the fair."
"And he told me he kept a-going every minute."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Moderate Ambition.

"Aren't you ambitious to rank as a captain of industry?"
"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I'm satisfied to keep connected with the paymaster's department."—Washington Star.

A DIFFERENT MATTER.



Father: "But he is not the first young man you thought you loved."
Daughter: "No; but he's the first one with a million."

A Chronological Impression.

January's made for work, an' February, too.
Comes round to give de folks a chance to show what dey kin do.
Dar's Christmas an' Thanksgiving Day a scatterin' through de year.
An' spring to stant you singin' 'cause de sky is bright an' clear.
Mos' every month dat comes along some special work will show.
Exceptin' one, dat's August. Den de world moves kind o' slow.
You feels like loatin' from de dawn until de shadows fall.
It 'pears like August wasn't made for anythin' at all.
It gives de ol' thermometer a second chance to climb.
It jef' slips in between de fireworks an' de redlight time.
De sleepy days is noddin' like de branches of de trees.
Dat's bein' 'bout whah de clover is invitin' of de bees.
When folks divided up de year, I reckon dey had not sunshine dan dey really needed to go round.
Dey found some extra time dat somehow didn't fit in pat.
So dey rolled it up together an' made August out o' dat.

Outspoken at Any Rate.

Miss Plain: "I'll never board at a farmhouse again. I wish you'd light the lamp, Sarah. I'm afraid of the dark."
Sarah (the farmer's daughter): "Are you, now? Why, I should think you'd be more afraid of the light."—Chattanooga News.

A Harsh Analyst.

"Mr. Bliggins seems very affectionate toward his wife in public."
"That isn't affection," answered Miss Cayenne. "That's discipline."—Washington Star.

She Had Cause for Fear.

"Mamma," said the cannibal beauty to her maternal ancestor, "I am really alarmed at Mr. Kinkey's intense passion for me."
"Why, my dear?"
"Only last night he declared I was sweet enough to eat."—Buffalo Times.

When Business Is Dull.

Passer-by: "I thought you were blind!"
Mendicant: "Well, boss, times is so hard and competition is so great that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open now-a-days, if he wants to do any business at all."—Chicago Journal.

There Are Others.

Wick: "There is nothing so contradictory as a woman."
Wager: "Oh, I don't know. How about this war news?"—Chicago Journal.

GOODRICH MUDD AS A NATURALIST.

